THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO

No. 3620. *Wednesday, July* 24, 1833. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Adelphi Theatre.

SERLE's interesting little Drama of *The Yeoman's Daughter* was repeated yesterday evening. The acting of Messrs Serle, Williams, Reeve, Mrs Waylett, and Mrs Griffith, was excellent, and excited the deepest interest of an exceedingly good house. *The Four Sisters, The Mummy,* and *Presumption,* were the other entertainments. Mr Arnold has several novelties in preparation.

Hay-market Theatre.

THE pleasant little Comedy of *Married and Single* was the first of the three pieces which were performed here last night; the new Dramas, *The Housekeeper; or, The White Rose,* and *My Wife's Mother,* being the other two; and, whether with reference to the merits of the pieces themselves, or the talent displayed in their acting, it has rarely occurred to us to have been more satisfied or delighted.—We can assure our readers, that they cannot fail to be gratified by the rational amusements which are nightly provided for them at this house.

The following address, written by Sutton Elliott. Esq. was spoken by Mrs Wood, on her Benefit night, at the Dublin Theatre, last week:

"Kind patrons, friends, I come to say farewell;
Would that my words each feeling now could tell
The tumult here of gratitude—regret—
Your favors pass'd, that I can ne'er forget;
When first my bark was launched on fortune's tide,
You smooth'd the billows over which 'twould glide;
Your praise, the fav'ring gale on which 'twas borne,
Your smiles the sunny beams that cheer'd its morn.
By you its stormy perils all allayed,
Safe on its course thus far the bark has stray'd;
Among its earliest friends it number'd you,
To you now hoists the signal of adieu!
Though now to distant shores its course I steer,
My first—sincerest gratitude, is here.
Altho' the Atlantic wave may roll between,
It never can obliterate this scene;
Where'er I stray, whatso'er my lot,
My debt to you can never be forgot.
Excuse me now, in vain I would express
Those feelings which I struggle to repress.
Adieu! adieu! the heart alone can tell
Its sad emotion, while I say—farewell!"

Things as they were.—A noisy disapprobation being manifested at some passage in one of the Tragedies of Euripidies, he came forward

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and informed the audience that it was his business to give *them* instruction not to receive *theirs;* at this rebuke the audience ceased their clamours. We can but imagine how such a rebuke would be relished by a modern audience; the pittites would rise *en masse* indignant, and even the gods would shower their anger in orange peal, at having their judgment called in question. It would be well for the poor author if he escaped with whole bones.

A lithographic engraving of the casts taken of Kean's head, after death, by Mr Bone, has been published by Lawrance. We understand they exactly represent the post mortem appearances, but they give no idea of that great actor whilst living. Indeed the difference between life and death has seldom been more forcibly and more painfully exemplified.

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR EDITOR—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me, I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday call at the QUEEN'S BAZAAR, Oxford Street, to see Mr Martin's Picture of *Belshazzar's Feast* copied expressly for this Establishment, with Dioramic effect; it surpassses in grandeur of design and execution every former Exhibition of the sort.—*The Physiorama* containing 14 beautiful Views, has been added to the *Diorama*, forming together only one Exhibition for a Shilling.

Tuesday, stroll to the *Diorama*, in the Regent's-park, to see the two new views—Paris, from Montmartre, and the Campo Santo—which surpass in harmony of colouring, fidelity to nature, and general effect, all the previous exhibitions; and at once prove how far human skill can carry this wonderful species of pictorial delusion.

But stop, I must just run to that well established emporium of fashion *The Western Exchange Bazaar*, Old Bond Street, all my country cousins are waiting for my opinion before they make their purchases;—and then we visit, in the gallery above, that astonishing specimen of human industry, *The Model of London*, where every man may find his own dwelling, if he has one.—120,000 Houses!!—140 Churches!!

Wednesday, I am to be found, with my specs. on, admiring the great combination of useful articles for the Toilet, Boudoir, &c. at that *depot* of taste and fashion, the *Palmerian Magazine*, 85, Oxford Street.—By the way, must recommend to my friends the Palmerian Razor Strop—wonderful improvement—friend P. only arrived lately from St. James's Street.

Must drop in again and again to the Gallery of British Artists, in Suffolk-st. my taste as an amateur, and my pride as an Englishman, being equally gratified by the decided improvement visible in our native artists. The walls are covered with admirable pictures—some perfect *bijoux!*—will shortly close.

Mathews's Theatrical Gallery, at the Queen's Bazaar, is my favorite lounge, there I again view Garrick, Siddons, & the many potent spirits who stirred my young blood, & compare them with the portraits of all the living theatrical stars.

Being caught in a storm, and having forgot my umbrella, dropped into Mullins & Co's. Cloth Warehouse, 419, Oxford Street, to buy some Cloth for a Cloak, and was so struck with the superior quality and cheapness of their cloths, that I bought myself enough for a complete suit, and recommend my friends to try the same market.

On Friday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.

Several of my friends having been misled by external appearances, and popped into the wrong shop, I would recommend them in future to order their Wines and Spirits *by post*, as there can be no mistake in directing letters to BRETT'S Patent Brandy Depot, 109, Drury Lane.

Last night I had a puzzler;—just as I was putting on my night-cap, "Paul," said Mrs. Pry, 'what is more brilliant than Peake's wit, or blacker than Miss Love's eyes? I made a hit—*Warren's Jet Blacking!*—Isn't that a good one?—but I intrude beg pardon, your's, &c.

PAUL PRY.

Royal Adelphi Theatre.

This Evening, (7th time,) a new orignal Drama, called The

Yeoman's Daughter.

The Music by Mr Hawes.
(With the exception of the Song of 'Pretty Love Birds,' by Mr Wade.)

Arthur ..... Mr SERLE,
Walter Gray, (a wealthy Yeoman) MrWILLIAMS,
Old Squire Langley, Mr MINTON,
Young Squire Langley.....Mr J. BLAND,
Simon Scentwell, (an Attorney) MrOXBERRY,
Humphrey Hogsflesh,(ParishConstable)MrSALTER,
Jemmy Muggleby, (a Rat-Catcher) Mr J. REEVE,
MrsMorris, (Arthur'sMother) MrsGRIFFITH,
MaryGray,(theYeoman'sDaughter)MrsWAYLETT.

After which, a Vaudeville, entitled

PROMOTION.

Marquis de Viellecour, Mr WILLIAMS,
Lieutenant Merval ..... Mr HEMMING,
Colonel de la Garde, Mr J. BLAND,
Madame de Viellecour,.....Mrs GRIFFITH,
Madame de la Garde ..... Miss MURRAY,

To which will be added, the Burletta of

M I D A S.

IMMORTALS.—Jupiter, Mr MORRIS, Pan, Mr SALTER,
Apollo, Mrs WAYLETT, Bacchus, Mr WALSH,
Mercury, Mr T. JONES, Mars, MrWILLING, Vulcan,MrMILLER,
Cupid, Miss PETTIFER, Ganymede, Mr JOHNSON,
Juno, Mrs EMDEN, Minerva, Miss REMENS, Hebe, MissSLADE,
Venus, Miss ALLEYNE, Diana, Miss JACKSON.
MORTALS.—Midas, Mr JOHN REEVE, Sileno, MrJ. BLAND,
Damætas, Mr FRANKS, Shepherd, Mr BROWN,
Nysa, Miss SOMERVILLE, Mysis, Mrs C. JONES,
Daphne, Miss NOVELLO.

To conclude with, the New Operatic Extravaganza, called

THE MUMMY.

Mandragon(Antiquarian possessed of the 'ElixirVitæ')MrWILLIAMS,
Captain Canter, (a Bold Dragoon,) Mr J. BLAND,
Theophilus Pole, (a Painter of the Sublime,) Mr WYMAN,
Larry Bathershin, (an enlightened Irishman) Mr BENSON HILL,
Toby Tramp, (a Provincial Tragedian,) Mr JOHN REEVE,
Fanny, Mandragon, Miss NOVELLO,
Susan.....(her Maid).....Mrs EMDEN.

Theatre Royal, Hay-Market.

This Evening, (7th time,) an Original Drama, in Two Acts, called

The Housekeeper;

OR, THE WHITE ROSE.

Sidney Maynard,.....Mr VINING,
Tom Purple, Mr HAINES, Officer, Mr EATON,
Dagueere, Mr GALLOT, Lavil, Mr JOHNSON,
Simon Box, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Christopher Layer.....Mr BARTLETT,
Father Oliver, Mr WEBSTER,
Gentlemen, Messrs. Newcombe, East, Green, Bishop,
Benjamin, Mr COVENEY,
Felicia..... Miss TAYLOR,
Widow Duckling, Mrs TAYLEURE.
Sophy Hawes ..... Mrs HUMBY.

After which, (19th time) a Comedy, in two acts, called

My Wife's Mother.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS BY

Mr W. FARREN, Mr VINING, Mr J. VINING,
Mr EATON, Mrs GLOVER,
Miss TAYLOR, Mrs HONEY.

To which will be added, a Comic Drama, called The

Wolf and the Lamb.

Bob Honeycomb, Mr W. FARREN,
General Drangonfell, Mr STRICKLAND, Col. Bronze, Mr HAINES,
Mrs Bellenden, Mrs HONEY,
Henrietta, Mrs ASHTON, Mary, Mrs HUMBY.

To conclude with Dibdin's Musical Entertainment of

The Waterman.

Tom Tug, Mr ANDERSON,,—who will introdnce the popular Song of

"THE BAY OF BISCAY O!"

Robin, Mr WEBSTER, Bundle, Mr STRICKLAND,
Mrs Bundle, Mrs TAYLEURE. Wilhelmina, Miss TURPIN.

To-morrow, The Housekeeper, My Wife's Mother, The Flitch of Bacon, and Ways and Means.

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